

ENVIRONMENT.

"Will you kindly tell me the last word; I did not get it?"

In a large audience of eager listeners, a lady leaned over to the gentleman in front and asked the question.

"Environment was the word."

"Thank you."

As he turned a sudden gleam of recognition flashed into his eyes; a flush overspread the face of the woman, her eyelids dropped, then both looked away to the speaker.

The speaker was talking of Lincoln, his early life, its narrow limits of work and poverty, out of which this man had been called into the nation's life with its larger environment.

They had listened attentively, but in that moment's interlude for these two, the great auditorium by the sea, with its ten thousand people, the summer school of philosophy and its study of men and things, suddenly vanished; the present for them had no existence—the past alone was before them. So vividly came back the memory of that summer night when they had parted, they felt the breath of the flowers that hung over the low porch where they had stood together in the long ago.

No need to tell what he had been saying, but she replied with cruel frankness: "I am tired of being poor; I long for a fuller life than you can give me, larger environment."

"This word has outgrown the dictionary, and is as large as the earth and the air, the sea and the sky."

Thus the preacher went on, but they heard him not; for them, the word was as large as the universe which lay between their two hearts.

The great organ played the last chord, and in the throng emerging from the temple these two stood together for a moment side by side, then were lost in the crowd.

When they came again to hear what an eloquent man should say of Dante, each gazed longingly across that vast sea of faces, seeking, but finding not, the other.

The majority of that great audience were people whose chief concern was with bread and butter, crops and commerce. Yet they came for a little hour to be uplifted into a larger atmosphere, and could sympathize with the poet Dante, who, exiled from the land he loved, found no rest in the world's environment.

This word was in the air. It was illustrated by the world around them, its work, its pleasure, its literature. All the voices of summer were breathing it. If they looked up, they saw men and maidens walking or sitting bare-headed on the beach, the sunlit air blowing their skin and blowing the hair about their brows—society's latest sunshine fad, indeed, but an environment they cannot life in the narrow limits of city life.

If they took up a magazine they read how the death-breeding tenement houses in the great metropolises had been torn down, how good men had persisted in face of opposition, capital and custom, persisted against the resistance of the very people they were trying to benefit—as is usually the case—until finally, down came the old sky-blotting tenements, in streams of green grass and sunshine, with patches of green grass under foot, making a new environment of light and health and consequent morality for the poor, Chameleons like, we take the color of our surroundings.

Taking up a newspaper they find that a woman in Chicago is making a purer environment for the people there. The city fathers had wisely put a broom in the hands where it naturally belongs, making her inspector of garbage—horrible word to put into a story. But like the Theban general, her illustrious predecessor, Epaminondas, who was appointed inspector of sewers, she dignifies the office and does the work well.

And altogether there seems to be a disposition to clean out the worldly rubbish, to surround it with a cleaner, healthier atmosphere, from the stables of politics to the gutters of intemperance, and obliging woman stands ready with her broom to lend a hand. The dust may get into her eyes, but when it settles who shall say that she will not look upon a cleaner environment?

The man and woman of our sketch, in their separate wanderings, came upon a multitude of people encompassed by the sea. It is a quaint old custom of the farmers to come from miles away back in the country, for a big sea day, an annual dip in old ocean. Here one saw nature, Narcissus like, reflected in humanity. There was cordial greeting of old friends and neighbors. The hearty hand-shake and jolly laugh, and old fashioned feasting it was like many Thanksgiving dinners rolled into one. The harvest had been gathered; the sea had calmed them. They loved it and feared it, it frolicked and dived with it, it caressed and buffeted it, played with it and plunged into it. It was to them a bath in lethe; for the time they forgot their dull, show lives, washed from souls and bodies the dust of toil, in that pure environment of the white armed sea.

"Not by appointment do we meet with happiness, but round some corner in the streets of life, she on a sudden meets us unawares."

Thus the poet voices our experiences, and thus the two people of our sketch came and sat down together in the twilight hour on a seat overlooking the sea, passively obeying an appointment of fate.

"It is a little world, after all," he said, casually. "We cannot help knowing each other in its narrow environment."

"It is a wide and empty world."

The next moment she would have given much to recall the words; they were a confession of disappointed ambition.

"Why do you come with that word upon your lips?" she asked. "It haunts me."

"Because it haunts me also," he said quietly. "Have you ever noticed that when you are thinking about a thing and questioning it, the world is full of answers?"

"Yes, I have noticed it in life, and also in literature." The last with a slight touch of humor.

"Ah, now I remember, you used to say of my remarks, that they were full of pleasant reminiscences, no startling surprises of originality."

Without heeding this last and as if to lay hold upon the haunting word and exorcise it forever, she said:

"One seldom finds an ideal environment."

"It takes a strong soul to grasp and bend the circumstances to his will. Most of us are modified by our surroundings. It is the same old question, which shall yield, the without or the within? It is a weighty business making new spheres."

"But to grow and flourish one must have an atmosphere. The flowers must have a climate suited to them. But for us," she added meditatively, "there is

always something wrong with the spheres, one don't fit in."

Daylight had now quite disappeared. The moon rose, round and red, out of the sea, moving slowly up the horizon, leaving a shining track across the waters.

"My little woman!" thus he broke the silence that had fallen for a moment between them. "I believe there is a sphere where you will fit in; a climate where you will even grow and flourish; the climate of home. Will you try it with me?"

The waves dashing at their feet carried her answer far out to sea.—Lizzie York Case

The Most Modern House.

A house at Chamounix, built on what must assuredly be termed the most modern principles of construction, is claimed to possess, as its most remarkable feature, a constant temperature, in addition to its strength, durability, comfort and beauty. The builder, M. Caron, first put up a frame of steel water-tubing, allowing continuous circulation to a stream of water, and around this frame the house was put up, the peculiarity being that all floors and ceilings are crossed and recrossed by the water pipes—the water, after passing through the horizontal tubes first, that is, under the floors and ceilings—passes through the vertical tubes until all have been similarly treated. In summer, spring water, fresh as is only the water of the snow-capped Alps, circulates under pressure through the network of tubes, cools off the walls, and, after having run its course, flows off considerably warmer than when it entered. But in its course it has absorbed much heat, which it carries away. During the long and severe winter the water, entering through the basement, is first heated to nearly 100 degrees, and then forced through the tubes. Of course, much of the heat is left all over the house, and at the outlet the temperature of the water is about 40 degrees, and the speed of the circulation of water can be regulated so as to allow the fixing of a certain temperature for the house, which is equal throughout. The house measures 6,000 cubic yards, and weighs 120 tons.

The Gull and the Eel.

We had a gull, a tame gull, with clipped wings, who would feed on fish if we would give him any, falling fish, on raw meat, falling raw meat, on worms and insects, and falling these, on anything, including sparrows. It was the most fascinating entertainment to give him an eel, for he would toss the eel about several ways until it came to the position most suitable for swallowing, when he would swallow it; but the eel, not yet defeated, would often wriggle up in his gullet again, and this process would be repeated many a time. So, if swallowing be a delight, the pleasure which our gull derived from the process must have been manifold. Eventually, the eel would weary of the vain ascent of the gull's gullet, and consent to remain in contact with the juices of digestion. Nature is a queer mother of her children.

One never knows how much the state of domesticity affects creatures that ought to be wild. In the natural state, perhaps, one swallowing would have been enough for the gull, and for the eel. He was a herring-gull, and it was not until his fifth year that he arrived at the full dignity of his white and pearly plumage. Before that he was always dressed in some of the dingy, dusky feathers of infancy. Yet in their wild state these gulls are said to arrive at the adult plumage before the fifth year.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Whittier and Old Butler.

When John G. Whittier was a child his father had a pair of oxen named Buck and Old Butler. They were treated almost as family pets, and as they lay on the hillside, chewing their ends, the two boys, Greenleaf and Matthew, used them as armchairs, sitting upon their foreheads and leaning against their horns.

Old Butler once saved the future poet's life in a way that entitles him to everlasting remembrance. The story is told in Mr. Pickard's biography. The boy went to the pasture with a bag of salt for the cattle. Old Butler, from the hilltop, saw him coming and hurried down to meet him. It happened that the slope was pretty steep, and the heavy ox acquired such momentum that he found himself unable to stop.

A moment more and the boy would have been crushed. But the ox pulled himself together, leaped straight out into the air, cleared the boy's head, and came to the ground far below with tremendous force, but happily without harm.—The Youth's Companion.

Feelings Producing Chemical Products.

According to Prof. Elmer Gates, recently of the Smithsonian Institute, bad and unpleasant feelings create harmful chemical products in the body which are physically injurious. Good, pleasant, benevolent and cheerful feelings create beneficial chemical products, which are physically healthful. These products may be detected by chemical analysis in the perspiration and secretions of the individual. More than 40 of the good, and as many of the bad, have been detected. Suppose half a dozen men in a room: one feels depressed, another remorseful, another ill-tempered, another jealous, another cheerful, another benevolent; if samples of their perspiration were placed in the hands of the psychophysicist, under his examination the samples reveal all these emotional conditions distinctly and unmistakably.

Well Guarded.

The treasures of the Bank of France are carefully guarded. At the close of business hours every day, when the money is put into the vaults in the cellar, masons at once wall up the doors with hydraulic mortar. Water is then turned on and kept running until the cellar is flooded. A burglar would have to work in a diving suit and break down a cement wall before he could even start to loot the vaults. When the officers arrive the next morning the water is drawn off, the masonry is torn down, and the vaults opened.

The Clever Korean Woman.

Out of a few simple ingredients (which her Western sister would scorn) and with a few simple implements (that that sister would not understand), often almost without implements and with little fire, fire that must be coaxed and humored, and humored and coaxed, the poorest Korean woman will prepare a meal which no hungry European, prince or peasant, need scorn to eat. It will be savory, wholesome, clean to eat, and pleasantly served.—From Mrs. L. J. Miln's Quaint Korea.

Milton was quiet and reserved in conversation, but thoroughly refined and well-bred.

MOTHER'S OF GREAT MEN.

Schumann's mother was gifted in music.

Chopin's mother was as delicate as himself.

Gounod's mother was fond of painting and music.

John Quincy Adams said: "All that I am my mother made me."

Spohr's mother was an excellent judge of music, but no musician.

Milton's letters often allude to his mother in the most affectionate terms.

Raleigh said that he owed all his politeness of deportment to his mother.

Wordsworth's mother had a character as peculiar as that of her gifted son.

Goethe pays several tributes in his writings to the character of his mother.

Mohammed revered his mother and inculcated similar reverence in his teachings.

St. Augustine, in his books, speaks of the debt of gratitude he owed to his mother.

Haydn dedicated one of his most important instrumental compositions to his mother.

Sydney Smith's mother was a clever conversationalist and very quick at repartees.

Von Ranke's mother was literary and the author of several essays and other works.

The character of Washington's mother is too well known to need more than an allusion.

One of the few redeeming traits in the character of Henry VIII. was his respect for his mother.

Gibbon's mother was passionately fond of reading, and encouraged her son to follow her example.

Coleridge revered his mother. He once said: "A mother is a mother still, the holiest thing alive."

The mother of Lord Cornwallis did not, at first, favor the idea of a military career for her son.

Mozart's mother was a delicate, spirituelle creature, who, it was said, seemed more soul than body.

It is said that the mother of Charles Darwin had a decided taste for all branches of natural history.

Weber, the musical composer, had a musical mother, who found pleasure in the gems of classical music.

Roebuck said that the sweetest part of his life was his early childhood. "Heaven is at the feet of a mother."

PEOPLE OF NOTE.

Mrs. Oliphant, with a record of seventy-eight novels to her credit, never touches a pen in the daytime. She thinks the stillness of the night is necessary for good writing.

Mr. Depew has noticed a marked change of sentiment on the silver question in the West since his visit of five weeks ago, and he thinks that the growing prosperity is working the change.

Frederick Yates, the comedian, father of Edmund Yates, introduced the phrase, "First catch your hare." Among other characters he represented on the stage was that of Mrs. Glasse. In this he appeared as a frumpish old lady, ostensibly reading out of a well-thumbed cookery-book the following words, written expressly for him by Tom Hood: "Ahem! Hare. First catch your hare. Then do him till he's done!"

The pathetic death of young Dr. John W. Byron, the celebrated bacteriologist, from consumption, which originated during his experiments with tubercle bacilli, recalls again the strange fatality which overtakes so many medical specialists. The list is a long one of all those who have succumbed as victims to their special diseases. Dr. Byron has died a martyr to science, but he lived a hero of medicine. He was known as the hero of Swinburne Island, on which he spent one whole month among the cholera-infected immigrants. During his brief but world-famous career he braved death many times over in its most hideous shapes. He defied the yellow fever plagues of Peru, the malarial fever epidemics of Cuba, and the cholera plagues of both the Old and the New World. He leaves, too, as a valuable legacy much new information concerning the dread diseases of smallpox and leprosy.

THEIR FAVORITE BOOKS.

Cowper read only his Bible and his prayer book.

Hallam said that Livy was the model historian.

Chopin rarely read anything heavier to a French novel.

Auber hated reading, and never read save under compulsion.

Caesar Borgia had a library of works relating mostly to art.

Titian read his prayer book and the Metamorphoses of Ovid.

Voltaire's favorite classical author was Juvenal, the satirist.

Rossini for nearly thirty years read nothing but French novels.

Jean Paul Richter had only five or six books, all philosophical.

Lord Clive said that "Robinson Crusoe" beat any book he ever read.

Franklin read all he could find relating to political economy and finance.

Michael Angelo was fondest of the books of Moses and the Psalms of David.

Hogarth was fond of joke books, and farces, and enjoyed them immoderately.

Cherubini was a lover of botany, and made collections of works on the subject.

Mario, the great tenor, read anything he could obtain relating to sports or hunting.

George III. for many years of his life read nothing but his Bible and prayer book.

"Papa" Hadyn liked stories, and he said: "The more love there is in them the better."

Swift made a special study of the Latin satirists and imitated their style and language.

FACTS IN FEW WORDS.

London has thirty persons whose incomes are over \$500,000 a year.

Silk is so cheap in Madagascar that the poorest people wear clothing made of it.

A Minnesota man has sued a barber for \$500 damages for ruining his beard.

The newest thing out in London's world of sweldom is a hand-painted shirt front.

If you sneeze in a Vienna cafe, even strangers will remove their hats, and exclaim: "God bless you!"

Buffalo has 2,440 saloons, 113 hotels, 74 storekeepers, 73 druggists and 96 taverns licensed to sell liquor.

The number of police in England is as 1 to every 730 inhabitants, 1 to 923 in Scotland, and 1 to 341 in Ireland.

It is estimated that two years are required for the gulf water to travel from Florida to the coast of Norway.

It is said that most 5,000 horses shipped from America to Europe recently were intended for slaughter as food.

Almost without exception the American leaders in the revolutionary war were thin, while the British generals were stout men.

Paper tires are soon to be manufactured for cycles. They are supposed to last longer than rubber and to puncture less easily.

Over 400 diamonds are known to have been recovered from the ruins of Babylon. Many are uncut, but most are polished on one or two sides only.

It is stated that in one week of last year one railroad issued to members of the New York Legislature, for themselves and friends, 458 passes.

A man in London is making a lot of money by lending out a £1,000 Bank of England note for swell weddings to be exhibited as the gift of the bride's father.

To open an account in the Bank of England a person must deposit not less than £500, and the authorities require the depositor to be introduced by a customer.

A London firm, which has manufactured eight of the eleven cables, linking the United States to England, makes fifty-five miles of cable every twenty-four hours.

Buffalo, N. Y., is the latest city to adopt the Pingree plan of potato patch farming for the poor. Mayor Jewett, of that city, has appointed a committee to raise \$5,000 for the scheme.

A balloon recently sent up in Paris equipped with self-registering thermometers and barometers reached an altitude of ten miles and the thermometer recorded 110 degrees below zero.

One who describes himself as a practical floriculturist, has discovered a remedy for hot-house pests in a soap made from the oil of the fir tree. Nothing, he avers, is more disliked by the insects.

South American ants have been known to construct a tunnel three miles in length—a labor for them proportionate to that which would be required for men to tunnel under the Atlantic from New York to London.

Paris is to have a competition of laundresses in the Palais de Beaux Arts, in the Champs de Mars. It is organized by the Town Council as a protest against the fashion of sending Paris linen to London to be washed.

"Grog," the sea term for rum-and-water, it may not be generally known, derived its name from Admiral Edward Vernon, who wore program breeches, and hence was called "Old Grog." About the year 1745 he ordered his sailors to dilute their rum with water.

The parasitic fig indigenous to the tropics is an extraordinary plant. Its seeds are distributed by birds, and should one drop and lodge in a tree it will germinate there and send a long root to the ground, whence it can draw nourishment. It then rapidly spreads in growth over the unfortunate tree, which soon dies.

Among the many historic landmarks which are disappearing in Europe are the ancient gateway at Calais, built by Cardinal Richelieu and so graphically pictured by Hogarth, and the famous mills of the River Dee, in England, which date back to the days of King Edward VI.; while in London the Seven Dials, so familiar to the readers of Dickens, Smollett, Fielding and other novelists, is about to make way for St. Andrew's Circus.

SWEET AND SAUCY.

A woman looks prettier getting a baby to sleep than she looks upon a public affair.—Atchison Globe.

Promises made in the time of affliction require a better memory than people commonly possess.—A. Daudet.

First Twin—This is my birthday. Aunt Jennie—And isn't it brother Willie's, too? "Nope. I licked him and made him give his half up to me."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Without the consent of the world a scandal does not go deep; it is only a slight stroke upon the injured party, and returneth with the greater force upon those that gave it.—Saville.

"The eyes," Emerson says, "speak all languages. They wait for no introduction; they are no Englishmen; ask no leave of age or rank; they respect neither poverty nor riches, neither learning, nor power, nor virtue, nor sex, but intrude and come again, and go through and through you in a moment of time."

CHARACTERISTICS OF WOODS.

The most elastic is tamarack, the black, or shellbark, standing not far below.

The wood with the least elasticity and lowest specific gravity is Ficus aurea.

The heaviest of the foreign woods are the pomegranate and the lignum vitae, and the lightest is cork.

The strongest wood which grows within the limits of the United States is known as "nutmeg" hickory, which flourishes on the Lower Arkansas river.

UNDESERVING OF PITY

His Lack of Judgment in Time of Emergency Was Discreditable.

There was a man from North Dakota sitting near me on the veranda of a Cape May hotel when a mendicant with a wooden leg came along and took off his ragged old straw hat and began: "Kind sir, I am not to blame for my present situation. From where you sit you can see the iron pier."

"Yes, I see it," replied the guest.

"About two hundred feet off the end of the pier, four years ago this month, a shark seized me while I was bathing and bit off my leg. He got hold of both of them, but I managed to save one—as you see. For months I languished in a hospital."

"You mean you were a patient in a hospital?"

"Yes, sir. I thought languishing was the proper term, but you know best. When I recovered I hadn't a dollar to my name and am now dependent upon the charity of the public. Sir, if you—"

"You say the shark seized you by both legs?" queried the man from Dakota.

"Yes, sir, he did. I was swimming about when all at once I felt both my legs seized as if in a vise. I gave utterance to a shriek of terror and—"

"That is, you cried out?"

"Yes, sir. To utter is to cry, I suppose, but if the term 'utter' is distasteful to you we will not use it. The shark had me by both legs, sir."

"Ah, he had you?"

"He did, sir. By a supreme effort I extricated my left leg from the maw of the voracious monster."

"That is, you yanked one leg free from his hold?"

"Yes, sir. I made a supreme effort, and he was a voracious monster, but if you don't like the terms I won't use 'em."

"And you got your left leg free?"

"I did, sir."

"And left him to chew up your right?"

"Yes, sir. I am sorry to have to appeal to you, but under the—"

"Not a blamed cent!" exclaimed the Dakota man, as he brought his hand down on his leg.

"But, sir, I am an unfortunate man!" persisted the mendicant.

"Can't help that. That shark had you by both legs. It lay with you which leg to yank away. Any man who'll save his left leg when he can save his right is a blamed idiot, and he needn't come whining around me! I'm tender-hearted and willing, but I'll save my dollars for the man who saved his right leg. Go on, sir—go right on with your left leg and don't try to make me responsible for your idiotic blunders!"—Detroit Free Press.

Satisfied With His Job.

I met a man yesterday who has just come back from one of those unpromising towns up in the Pennsylvania oil regions. He had been spending I don't know how many months among the Swedes up there, and he has a great many things to tell of them. He says that just before he left I can't remember the town's name—there was a Methodist revival. A great many of the Olsons and Petersens and Knudsons were converted. To one of them Nels Petersen, the leader of the meeting, said:

"Nels, will you work for God?"

Nels shifted uneasily—a Swede, you know, can't express anything at all with his face except the national stolidity.

"'Ae don't know," he said, hesitatingly. "Ae got a gude job at the factory. Ae tank ae keep dat."—Washington Post.

A Mean Trick.

"If you have any wood to chop, ma'am," said Tired Tatters to a rural housewife in the gas region, "I'd like to chop it in return for a square meal."

"Very well," replied the woman, with alacrity; "you'll find some in the cellar you can go to work on."

"Fooled again!" ejaculated the poor man, wringing his hands in agony. "A feller over yonder told me you used natural gas for fuel!"

He went away disconsolate.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Libera Landlady.

New Boarder—What do we get for dinner to-night?

Old Boarder—This is the night we usually have chicken.

New Boarder—That's not half bad. Do we often get chicken?

Old Boarder—Oh, about three times a week.

New Boarder—Well, by jove! that's pretty fine; but I don't see how Mrs. Skimper can afford it.

Old Boarder—Oh, it's the same chicken.—Brooklyn Life.

Literally.

Blotbs—How did you like the play last night?